

Johnny Gold

"Cactusflower"

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You phone around, but everyone's staying home
Another night alone could make your head go spin
But the needles on the phonograph must be cursing
You've gotta let it be
In the brown on your wall, you can hear another way
To make the West Coast ladies do the East Side Shake
As long as the one across town just can't wait
Turns on her stereo
We can find something finer
Than some coins in a wishing well
All in good time, when wrong is right
And I'm another one, that's what I need
She said her soul is torn and her thinking not straight
Her patched up heart becoming worn and frayed
I've got my needle and thread goin' all the right ways
Put on your party dress
All this time defies my mind
Spend your whole life in a waiting room
Only to find, your palm was right
There was no line for apologies
I am rain on the dusted desert summertime
We will, we will, not have to wait for long

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